

## THE CHARACTER OF PETER.\*

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And I say also unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church. *Matthew xvi:18.*

The same difference of character exists among the disciples of Christ as in other men. Not all exhibit the same traits and native qualities of mind and heart. Not all are constituted alike. And when divine power takes possession of the heart, and turns the activity of the soul in a new channel, it does not level these natural differences, but leaves them as great as ever. So you find one man bold and earnest, another sensitive and shrinking; one fitted for conflict, another for the cloister. The age that produces a Luther, produces also a Melancthon, and the Church has need of both. And so it was with the personal friends and followers of Christ on earth. There was the greatest difference among them as respects native character. Between the mild, sensitive youth almost feminine in refinement and delicacy, who leaned on our Saviour's bosom at the Last Supper, and the bold, earnest, impetuous Peter, there was by nature the most striking contrast. Yet both were disciples and friends of Jesus. Both loved Him and were loved by Him.

It is instructive to study these differences of character among good men. Let us take for our study this morning the disciple last named, and endeavor to form an estimate of him; not as a saint with a nimbus about his head, but as he really was, a man as compared with other men. There is no one of the disciples and personal followers of Christ whose character is so strongly marked, and whose mental portrait can be so accurately drawn after the lapse of eighteen centuries. We will glance first at his early history so far as known; and then at the prominent traits of his character as developed in his life, and Christian discipleship.

Of the early life of the man not much is known. He is a native of Bethsaida, one of the villages or cities on the northern shore of the sea of Galilee. His real name is Simon the son of Jonas or Johannes, John; and tradition gives his mother's name as Johanna. His trade, or business, is that of

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a fisherman, an important and lucrative business, in which he seems to have had partners, and men in his employ. The fish of the sea of Galilee, as we learn from Josephus, were very highly esteemed by the Romans, many of whom, of the wealthier class, had their residence about this beautiful lake. Not improbably Simon was a man of some means and influence among his fellow citizens. His home at Capernaum, where he subsequently resided, would seem to have been of the better sort.

Nor was his calling without its influence on his character. Seafaring men are, as a class, frank and out-spoken, bold, hardy, generous, active; qualities called into exercise by the privations and perils to which they are exposed. The sea of Tiberias, though only an inland lake of moderate dimensions, some twelve miles in length by six in breadth, is, from its position, subject to sudden and violent storms. The winds come sweeping down the ravines in the surrounding hills, with a suddenness and force extremely dangerous to the little craft that ply upon its waters. These storms are more frequent at night, the season when the fishermen, for the most part, pursue their calling; and one trained to such a life must needs be quick, active, resolute, and ready for emergencies. Capernaum was a town of some importance in those days, a place of considerable business. It lay on the northwestern shore of the lake, directly on the great route from Damascus to the southern cities and provinces, and in its streets, its market place and its custom house, might be seen men of various nationalities and various callings. One dwelling there in the time of Herod and our Saviour, would see not a little of the world.

In common with other Jewish children, Simon had doubtless received in early life a good education in the common and most necessary branches of learning; nor was he without some knowledge of Greek, acquired, perhaps, through intercourse with foreigners. Together with his brother Andrew, and his companions, or perhaps partners in business, James and John, he seems to have been first a disciple of John the Baptist, before he became one of the followers of Christ. We first meet with him in this connection at a place beyond Jordan where that prophet was baptising. John and Andrew first see Christ; then Andrew calls his brother Simon, to whom Jesus gives the name Cephus. The word is Chaldaic, the language spoken by our Saviour and His disciples, for which the corresponding word is Petros, Peter, denoting stone or rock. Thy name is Rock; in allusion perhaps to the native strength and firmness of the man's character, no less than his subsequent position as founder of the Christian Church. It is not, however, at this time that he receives his calling as an immediate follow-

er of Christ—an event which occurs subsequently at, or near, Capernaum.

If now we pass to consider the character of Peter, we should describe him in general as a man of impulsive, ardent temperament, with whom the feelings predominate rather than the judgment; quick, resolute, hasty in word and act, rather than deliberate and thoughtful; hearty, bluff, honest and out-spoken—strong in his likings and his dislikings. He is not lacking in courage; but his courage is of the sort that strikes first, and thinks afterwards. The failings of such a man lie on the surface, seen and read of all men, as do also his good qualities. If there is much in him to condemn, there is also much to admire. His earnestness and heartiness in whatever he undertakes, his native force and strength of character, fit him to be, and cause him to be, a leader in whatever cause he espouses. Such, in brief outline, the marked and dominant features of his character.

To be more specific, the first and most prominent trait that strikes us in the man, is his impulsive, ardent temperament. He is quick to perceive, and quick to feel. While others are thinking what to say, he has already spoken. While others hesitate, he decides and acts. He is the first of the disciples distinctly to recognize the divine Sonship of Christ. "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" asks Christ of His disciples. "Some, John the Baptist; some Elias; some Jeremias, or one of the prophets," they reply. "But whom say ye that I am?" "And Simon Peter answered and said, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'" No sooner does he recognize his Master, in the form of the stranger who accosts the fishermen on the sea of Galilee, after the resurrection, than, true to his impulsive nature, he girds his fisher's coat about him and casts himself into the sea, in his eagerness to reach the shore, leaving the other disciples to come more slowly with the heavily laden boat. And when Jesus afterwards says to them, "Bring of the fish which ye have now caught," Simon Peter, without waiting for the rest, must needs rush to the boat, which probably lay out a little way from the shore, and himself alone drag the net to land "full of great fishes, a hundred and fifty and three."

Of the same hasty and impulsive character is the scene in the garden, where he undertakes to defend Christ from the armed band who come to capture him. A moment's reflection would have shown the impolicy of such a proceeding—the hopelessness of an attack of one man upon a company of soldiers armed and desperate. The action was hasty and ill advised; and such is the impetuosity of the attack, that the blow which was intended to cleave the skull of the foremost of the band

misses its mark, and only cuts off his ear. He is too much in a hurry to aim well; not cool enough for a soldier, but quite like a sailor, quite like himself.

Closely allied to this impulsive temperament, though not always associated with it, is a corresponding strength of feeling. This trait we find, if I mistake not, in Peter. His feelings are not only quickly roused, but of great strength, imparting peculiar earnestness and force to his character and conduct. He is for no hesitating and half-way measures. What he does, he does heartily, and with his whole soul. Such men, carried away by the feelings of the moment, often go to extremes, and say and do things which a cooler judgment would condemn. Peter was clearly one of this class. With what earnestness and strength of feeling he repels the idea of our Saviour's approaching humiliation and death, when first announced by our Lord. He cannot bear the thought. It must not, shall not be. He even goes so far, in the excitement of his feeling, as to reprove our Lord for cherishing such a thought. "Then Peter took Him and began to rebuke Him, saying 'Be it far from thee, Lord; this shall not be unto thee.'" The reproof which followed, though severe, was well deserved. "Get thee behind me, Satan; thou art an offense unto me; for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.'"

The same strength of feeling, carrying him to extremes, is manifest in the scene where Christ, girding himself with a towel begins to wash the disciple's feet. This is more than Peter can endure. He the Lord and Master, the Son of the living God, abasing Himself to this menial office performed only by servants and slaves, and the other disciples actually allowing Him to do this! What can they be thinking of? He can hardly contain his surprise, and indignation. "Thou shalt never wash my feet!" Yet no sooner is he told, "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with me," than he flies, in his earnestness, to the other extreme, and is ready for any amount of washing. "Lord, not my feet only, but my hands and my head." This is so characteristic of Peter, that had no name been mentioned, we could hardly have been at a loss to know who it was.

The same strength of feeling manifests itself in the eagerness and positiveness with which he repels the idea that he shall ever forsake his Master. "All ye shall be offended because of me this night; for it is written, 'I will smite the shepherd and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad'" — said Jesus to his disciples. "Peter answered and said unto Him—'Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will *I never* be offended.'" He will never desert his Master, come what will. The idea is preposterous; others possibly — not he. "Jesus said unto him, 'Verily, I say unto thee, that this night before



the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.' ” “ Peter said unto Him, ‘ Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.’ Likewise also said *all the disciples.* ”

In the scene on the Mount of Transfiguration, we have another instance of the same ardor and strength of feeling carrying him beyond the bounds of reason and judgment. In the joy and transport of the moment, feeling that it is good to be there, he is for building three tabernacles, one for Christ, one for Moses, one for Elias, and taking up their abode on the mount. What could they do better, thinks the enraptured whole-souled disciple.

There is yet another element of Peter's character which should be noticed — his boldness, and courage. Men of ardent temperament, and strong feelings, are usually not lacking in this quality. It was conspicuous in Peter. He was a bold man. Inured to the perils of the sea, and trained by his calling, from his youth up, to meet sudden dangers and emergencies, he was not a man to be easily frightened or turned from his purpose. When the disciples, in the storm on the lake, see in the darkness, some one in the form of a man coming toward them walking on the water, they naturally enough think it is a spirit, and are afraid; but no sooner do they hear the well known voice saying, “ It is I, be not afraid,” than Peter, with characteristic boldness, exclaims, “ Lord if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.” It was a bold and hazardous experiment; not perhaps a very wise one — one for which there was certainly no occasion, and which no one but Peter would have thought of trying. When bidden to come, his courage does not fail. It stands the test. He is over the vessel's side in a moment; he is walking on the water, and not until he finds himself unable to contend with the boisterous wind, and actually beginning to sink, does he cry for help. Few men that would have done the same under the circumstances; few men would have had the courage to place themselves in these circumstances.

His attack upon the armed band, that came to capture our Saviour in the garden, has already been noticed. It was doubtless not a very wise thing, for one man singlehanded and poorly armed, to attack a company of soldiers and police officers in that way, but it was certainly a bold thing, and showed the resolute spirit and courage of the man. It looks as if he were not wholly mistaken in the confident assertion, “ though all men forsake thee, yet will not I.” Not less is his courage conspicuous in what follows. Having made this fearless and imprudent assault on the advancing party, and actually wounded one of the High Priest's own servants, it were but the dictate of common prudence for Peter, now, when the arrest is actually made,

and he can be of no further service whatever, to keep himself out of sight, for a while at least. To go along with the prisoner to the house of the High Priest and the hall of trial after what has just occurred, is a very bold and reckless thing. It is to thrust himself into the very jaws of death. He will be sure to be recognized as some of the party whom he has met and assaulted in the garden, perhaps by the very man whom he has wounded. His presence, so far from aiding, will be likely only to add to the danger in which Christ is placed. It is the last place in which he ought to show himself, if he regards either his own safety, or that of his Master. But such is his devotion to Christ, and such his resolution not to forsake Him, that, regardless of personal safety, he follows at a distance—Peter and John alone of all the twelve—the retreating form of their captured Lord. It was a very bold thing for any of them to do—most of all for this man. The very thing for which he has so often been censured—following Christ afar off—is really a striking proof at once of his fidelity and his courage.

And now of the remarkable scene which follows in the outer court of the palace of Caiphas, whither they have conducted the prisoner, and where the preliminary examination is going on, that bold and positive denial, thrice repeated, that he was with the prisoner, or had ever known the man—what shall we say? It admits of no defence, no apology. This man so confident that he should never desert his beloved Master, this man who could walk on the stormy sea to meet Him; this man who an hour ago periled his life in the defence of Jesus; this man who was not afraid to attack single-handed a multitude of armed and desperate men—now, falters and turns pale, and is unmanned, at the question of a maid servant! Ah, so it but too often is. The assaults which we have the most reason to fear, are those which come upon us from some unexpected quarter. Had the High Priest with all his retinue, or Pilate himself at the head of his troops, come marching boldly into the porch and surrounded Peter, as he sat warming himself at the fire, and bound him hand and foot, and taken him to trial, no doubt he would have stood his ground like a man, and borne his punishment without flinching. But these kitchen servants, with their petty, annoying questions—why, that is quite another matter.

And yet, even in this denial, humiliating and sad as it is, one cannot but notice how characteristic of the man is the manner of it. He is as positive, and bold, and earnest in that, as he is in everything else. No timid, hesitating, half-way denial, but out and out, and followed up with an oath and a curse. Nor is his penitence less earnest than his denial. Hardly have the

words escaped his lips, when the pale, sad face of the Saviour, as He stands bound at the opposite end of the hall, turns and looks upon him. No word is spoken. The silent, reproving look is enough. Peter remembers what Christ had said — remembers his own confident assertion, and what he has just been saying — the consciousness of his perfidy and guilt comes over him — he rises abruptly, and goes out, and weeps bitterly. His heart is ready to break. He is as sincere and earnest in his repentance, as he was bold and impassioned in his sin.

We hear no more of him, until after the crucifixion. Whether his penitence and humiliation were such as to keep him from mingling with the disciples to witness the last, sad scene, or whether he stood somewhere afar off, as unworthy to come near, and looked on through his blinding tears, we know not. But when, on the morning of the third day, Mary Magdalene, coming early to the sepulchre, while it was yet dark, finds, to her surprise, the stone taken away from the door, and the body gone, she runs at once to tell Peter and John. "Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre." The younger man outruns the older. Reaching the sepulchre he stoops down, and looks in, and sees the linen clothes lying, but goes not in. Is it reverence, or fear, which detains him? Perhaps both. Peter comes up directly, and with characteristic boldness, goes at once into the sepulchre, and John follows him. This, again, is quite in keeping with the whole character of the man.

The subsequent history of Peter, his forgiveness by our Saviour in the memorable interview by the sea of Galilee, when he is thrice asked, "Lovest thou Me?" and thrice told to "feed the flock of Christ;" his earnest, self-denying labors as an apostle, in planting Christian churches, and carrying the gospel to distant cities, I need not here narrate. Enough has been said to show, as was proposed, the leading traits of his character.

Such a man, take him for all in all, we cannot but admire. With all his faults, we love him still. Large-hearted, whole-hearted, lion-hearted man. Nothing tame, or insipid, about him. Not one of your cold, calculating, plotting, designing sort, betraying the Son of Man with a kiss — not one of your prudent sort, whose virtue lies mainly in the fact, that they have not soul enough to commit any great sins, or sense enough to make any great mistakes. For such men with all their prudence, and their virtue, and their wisdom, and their littleness, I, for one, have no great admiration. I would rather be

Peter, sinking in the sea, and crying, "Lord save me," than the other disciples, sitting safely in the ship. I would rather be Peter, following his Master afar off, but following into the very midst of danger, than the other disciples, who prudently forsook Him and fled. Yea! I would rather be Peter, going out and weeping bitterly, than those other disciples, who kept themselves safely out of the reach of temptation and danger. With all his faults, there is a redeeming nobleness about the man, which wins our esteem and love, and a force of character which fits him to be, as he was, the leader of the band of apostles, and of the Christian Church.

I may not close, without adverting, briefly, to one or two practical lessons which our theme suggests. And one of these is, How little we know the future. Peter, on the Mount of Transfiguration, in the rapture of the moment, is for building three tabernacles, and dwelling there. He would like nothing better, for the rest of his life. Adieu, vain world, with all its cares, and troubles. But such is not the design of Providence, nor its plan of that man's life. Could he have looked forward, just one year from that time, what would he have seen? Not Peter on the mount, in the glory of his Lord's transfiguration, but Peter in the garden, sleeping through his Lord's great agony; Peter in the court of the High Priest's palace, swearing that he never knew that man; Peter going out and weeping bitterly. This same Jesus, whom he now sees, shining as the sun, in His brightness, he would have seen standing in the hall of Pilate, with purple robe, and thorny crown, mocked, and scourged, and spit upon; sinking under the burden of His cross, carried to the tomb. Ah, how little we know the future!

And this leads me to remark, how little reason for self-confidence have the best, and most devoted, of the followers of Christ. Little did Peter think, he should ever be left to deny his Master. Nothing was further from his purpose, or his thoughts. He would not have believed such a thing possible; did not believe it, when Christ told him how it would be. "Though all men forsake thee, I will not." Ah, Peter, do not be too confident of that! What! Forsake his Lord and Master? Never, Never! Yet, in the course of a few hours, we hear this same, zealous disciple stoutly protesting that he never knew the man, and cursing roundly at those who charge him with being one of the followers of Jesus. And has it come to this? So soon? What, you do not know Him, Peter? That Man that stands, so pale, and worn, and silent, yonder, and answers never a word to all His accusers? Are you quite sure you do not know Him? But you have known Him, Peter. You knew Him once, when He called you by the sea of Galilee, and you felt all, and rose up, and followed Him. You knew Him once,



when at sea, in a storm, the waves fast filling your boat, and He quietly sleeping on His pillow, till, in your terror, you called out to Him, in a voice above the piping winds, "Save, Lord, we perish," and He arose, and rebuked the wind, and the waves, and there was a great calm. Are you sure you do not know Him? You knew Him when He came, one day, into your own house, and healed a member of your family. You knew Him when He fed the five thousand in your own native Galilee. You knew Him that night when you saw Him walking on the water, and He bade you come to Him, and put forth His hand and caught you, as you were sinking. Are you sure you do not know Him, Peter? But you did know Him, when, a few days ago, the whole city came out to meet Him, with shouts of welcome, and strewed their garments in the way, and the children cried, "Hosanna!" You were not ashamed of Him then. Does He look so different, now, in His purple robe, and His crown of thorns? Well, you will see Him yet again, with a different sceptre, and another crown, when He comes in the clouds of heaven, with power, and great glory, and the earth, and the sea, give up their dead. You will know Him then. But you do not know Him now! Ah, forgetful, faithless disciple! You are, after all, but one of us. We see in you but our own poor, human nature; even at its best.

You, my hearer, so ready to condemn this man, have you, too, never denied Christ? Never been ashamed of Him, or His cause? Never disowned allegiance to Him, nor forgotten your duty, nor been faithless to your trust? Have you always stood firm for the right, when the Priests, and the High Priests, and the Pharisees, and the howling mob, were against it? In the face of obloquy and the world's scorn, have you never said, "I know Him not?"

And how full of encouragement to those who have erred, is the forgiveness which our Saviour so freely extends to His penitent disciple. There is no word of reproach — only the question, "Lovest thou me?" That repentance so sincere, so bitter, as he stands weeping without the palace gate that night, touches the sympathizing heart of Jesus. The poor, heart-broken disciple is from that moment forgiven. But there is another of the twelve who has also proved faithless. Where is he? He, too, repents, but in how different a fashion. The one with tears, the other with a halter. The repentance of a loyal and true heart, broken and contrite for sin; the despair of a soul that never was loyal and true, but now sees, for the first time, the full enormity of its guilt. Repentance and remorse. On the one the curtain falls of despair and death and blackest night. On the other, the curtain rises of a future full of devotion and

zeal and successful labor, for the Name dearer to him than any other, and then a martyr's glorious death.

Tradition says — and we can readily believe the story, it is so characteristic of the man — that when, in his old age, he was led forth to crucifixion, he was, at his own request, fastened to the cross with his head downwards, as unworthy — he who had denied his Master — to suffer in the same manner that his Lord had done. And so having fought a good fight and kept the faith, he entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

## THE CHURCH REPORTER.

OWING to delay in arranging the theatre, Prof. Swing did not preach last Sunday at McVicker's, but will commence preaching there next Sunday.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL of the Tabernacle Church, corner of Indiana and Morgan streets, wants a piano, and therefore the entertainment last Thursday evening, in which B. Melville Dunham, reader and vocalist was the chief attraction.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH SOCIABLE was voted a success by those present. Those present numbered about three hundred, but ample provisions had been made for all, and all made for the provisions. We trust that the union of the Indiana Avenue and First Churches may be cemented by many such social occasions equally enjoyable.

MAJ. D. W. WHITTLE conducted the service at Moody's tabernacle last Sunday. The Young Men's Christian Association if it had done nothing else should be held in grateful remembrance as the school out of which graduated such Christian workers and lay-preachers as Moody, Jacobs and Whittle.

REV. PETER ARVIDSON was duly ordained and received holy orders at the Cathedral of S. S. Peter and Paul, last Sunday morning. Bishop Whitehouse performed the ceremony of "the laying on of hands," and after the ordination, officiated in administering the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The sermon, by Rev. C. D. Robinson, chaplain of the Morquin Townsend, London, England, was from the text, "To the unknown God."

THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS have so nearly done vacation that they have resumed their weekly meetings. Unfortunately at the first one last Monday, they could not get inside the church, and therefore had to discuss their topic from the standpoint of outsiders. Why not have these meetings embrace more denominations than one? There are sure-

ly ministers in the city *not* Presbyterians who could say earnest, helpful things at these meetings. Will Br's. Kittredge, Patterson and Swing ask them to come?

REV. J. B. STEWART is "called" to decide between Milwaukee and Chicago. The Ninth Presbyterian Church of this city have offered to guarantee a salary of \$3,000 to Mr. Stewart, if he will make Chicago his home. Better \$3,000 a year in Chicago than any amount of money in Milwaukee. We sincerely hope Mr. Stewart will come to Chicago, for we certainly need him more than Milwaukee can. Mr. Stewart acquired an enviable reputation while pastor of the North Church of this city, several years ago and afterwards in Cincinnati and Dayton.

REV. ROBERT PATTERSON, D. D., preached last Sunday, concerning "Tyndale's Test of Prayer." Whether Mr. Patterson has not read the article which he criticises, or whether he was improperly reported, we do not know, but from the reports in the morning papers, of the sermon, the Dr. entirely ignores Mr. Galton, the author of the obnoxious article in the *Contemporary Review* and hurls his missiles only at poor Prof. Tyndale, who is made to bear the whole brunt of the attack. Now Tyndale may be guilty, but Galton is more so, and fairness demands that he bear a part of the blame.

PROF. SWING delivered the third of the Academy of Music lectures, last Sunday evening, upon the subject of "Home." We extract from a *Time's* synopsis, this single thought. "Hotels are for travelers, for men wandering; but for man as a human heart, home is the idea. Out of this idea comes the purity of the human heart. Rare is it that a good man or woman springs up from an itinerant life. They all come from home. It is home that has fed and is feeding the world's great hearts and minds. It is doing more than the church or the schools. It is the base of both of these. We all depend upon the sacredness of home. The

only compensation for the graves of the good are the homes of the virtuous."

REV. BISHOP FOLEY, last Sunday afternoon, performed the beautiful ceremony of "Blessing the Bell" of St. Joseph's Hospital. There is a peculiar significance in this Catholic custom, the bell being in a certain sense the voice of the church, whose echoes always wake reverential feelings in the hearts of the worshipping hearers. To the sick and infirm it is often the only reminder of churchly service or duty. To the Catholics, the tones of the bell have deeper meaning, and are more as a part of the service of worship, than with Protestants, and the solemnity with which they surround its blessing is peculiarly appropriate. The Rev. Dr. Murphy and Father Lyons assisted in the ceremony. The Bishop after sprinkling the bell with holy water and blessing it, consecrated it to the use of the Catholic church. He then made a few remarks explanatory of the use of the bell. Its chief use was for sounding the angelic, which was sounded three times, daily, morning, noon and night, representing the beginning, middle and end of life. It is the custom of devout Catholics to always kneel in prayer, when they hear the angelic sound. The Bishop said he hoped the bell they had assembled to bless, would long be in the institution consecrated to Christian charity and benevolence.

THE REV. JOSEPH HAVEN, D. D., LL.D., is a name known throughout the United States, as the author of several widely read philosophical works. Yet he was not always a philosopher, having been born in 1817, at Dennis, Mass., where he spent his early boyhood. Applying himself naturally to study and books, he graduated from Amherst, at the early age of nineteen. He was very soon after appointed Instructor in the New York Institute for the deaf and dumb. Here he had peculiar facilities for studying mental processes, when a part of the avenues of sense are closed to the outer world. He remained for two years in this trying and patience-tasking position, when he resigned his charge of his pupils, to study theology at Andover. In 1839 he graduated from Andover, after two years spent within its

walls. He was duly ordained a minister of the gospel, the same year, at Ashland, Mass. In 1846 Mr. Haven was called to fill the place of Dr. R. J. Storrs, in the charge of the Harvard church at Brookline, Mass. In 1850 he received the appointment to the professorship of Mental and Moral Philosophy, at Amherst College, his Alma Mater. In January of the succeeding year, he entered upon the duties of his new position, with energy and determination. In 1856 he visited Europe, spending the most of his time however, at Heidelberg and Berlin. Returning in 1857, he published his work on Mental Philosophy, which has since become the standard text-book on that subject in most of our American colleges. The work is marked by a careful comparison and clear statement of the various existing systems of philosophy, rather than the defence of any views peculiar to Mr. Haven. In the following year he received a call to the chair of systematic theology in the Chicago Theological Seminary, which had but just been completed. At the opening of the Seminary in the Autumn of 1858, he assumed the duties of his chair, which he continued to fill until in 1870 his failing health compelled him to resign his position, and seek in travel abroad the rest he so much needed. In 1859 he published a work on "Moral Philosophy," which is now used as a text-book, and in 1869 a work entitled "Studies in Philosophy and Theology," which is a more ambitious literary venture and contains his riper thoughts upon many of the vexed questions in the domain of metaphysics. While in search of his health, after having resigned the chair of theology in the Chicago Seminary, he visited Germany, Palestine and Egypt. For the past year, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. Robert Patterson, in Europe, Mr. Haven has supplied the pulpit of the Jefferson Park Presbyterian Church. But the most of Dr. Haven's time is spent in literary labors. Dr. Haven has been honored with the title of D. D., from Marietta College, S. T. D., from Amherst College and LL.D., from Kenyon College, and can now well afford to rest upon his honors, and spend his ripe, old age in labors that will be more congenial to his mind, and of more lasting influence, perhaps, than the active life of his earlier years.



## THE CHURCH CRITIC.

THE CHURCH CRITIC is engaged upon an analysis of the motives that are built into enduring piles of church architecture. Query: What proportion of the motives must be holy to make the edifice sacred?

WE MAY confidently expect that the day will come, when it will be possible to almost compel children to goodness, by force of their surroundings and associations. Christian parents, who desire nothing so much as a godly life in their children, are often blind to the adverse influences which they allow in their homes. In fact, those parents most anxious for the welfare of their children, often drive them from good by obnoxious efforts to make them good. There is an atmosphere of virtue in some homes, that you cannot but breathe in and feel; and, yet is so gentle and unaggressive that it excites no opposition. A thousand things go to make up such a home atmosphere, but we wish now to speak only of pictures and their suggestive power on the mind of the young. Who does not remember the pictures that hung on the walls of the home of his childhood? They were perhaps mere daubs, in an artist's esteem, and yet, they are remembered more distinctly than any of the celebrated paintings since seen. How the scene of each, is being ever and again suggested to the mind, by the most unlike things. Thousands of miles from that home, a tree, or bird recalls to the man, the colored print of a landscape, that hung over the fire-place in his father's house, the family group about the fire, and even the loving words of mother or sister. In childhood, the ornaments of home, and its every phase, become stereotyped on the mind. How careful parents should be, that the pictures which cause these impressions should have in them something more than color and form — should contain a soul of truth, but dimly grasped, perhaps, by the childish mind, but which will form a central point for the thoughts of manhood. When we remember that nothing is without its influence upon the mind, the importance of these trivial matters becomes apparent.

FROM AN EDITORIAL in *The Golden Age* we quote this sentiment concerning the pulpit. "It stands as the interpreter of spiritual truth, the teacher of spiritual laws, the exponent of spiritual realities, the medium of spiritual emancipation, refreshment and uplifting. It may use art, science, philosophy, history, politics, anything and everything, as illustrations of laws and forces and sanctities which need all the facts of nature and all the voices of humanity for their articulation; but if it forgets these spiritual and eternal elements in the facts and figures which serve to set them forth, and invest them with a glory not their own from such a using, as the rugged rocks of the mountain are glorified by the shining of the sun hid from our sight behind the clouds, it misses its mission and message, and becomes a mere appurtenance and appendage of the world it was meant to enlighten and spiritualize." All of which The Church Critic endorses. But when the writer contrasts such a pulpit with the preaching of Beecher, Murray, Talmage and others, making the clear inference that theirs is another and lower style of ministry, he does them a great wrong. When he says, "Such men have had the effect of stimulating the secular elements of their sacred office, until men have come to regard the pulpit as on a level with the world and find in its thought merely the topmost ripple of secular sentiment and ambition," he leaves out of the account the best part of the men he criticises. Such men do not stand for, and are not exponents of secular wisdom, or scientific knowledge. They are to the multitudes who hear them spiritual guides and teachers. And they are the better able to guide and teach their peoples spiritually because they do not place soul and body, spirit and reason at opposite corners of the universe, but bring them in close correspondence and intimate relation. Their success is not the startling of "great congregations of worldly-minded people," but is a measure of their ability to supply a spiritual need in the minds of thousands.

## THE BOOK READER.

*The Spectator* says of the late Norman McLeod. "So rare is geniality in Scotch theology or tolerance in the Scotch churches, or breadth in the Scotch view of human nature, that Dr. McLeod, who possessed all three qualifications, in a high degree, occupied in Scotland, rather a higher place than his qualities deserved." There must have been some few Scotchmen of like qualities to account for his popularity.

AMONG the weekly religious papers, The Book Reader has noticed that the most sectarian and controversial are the Catholic and Universalist, the Methodist are the most practical and earnest, the Episcopalian and Jewish the most dignified and aristocratic, the Congregational the most broad and liberal, the Unitarian the most radical, the Presbyterian the least alike, the Baptist the least satisfied with themselves, the *Golden Age* the most original and spicy, the *Independent* the most for the money, the Chicago weeklies the most live and progressive, the Southern papers the most conservative, the Boston papers the most literary, the New York papers the most aggressive, the undenominational, (or nearly-so) papers the best, and the most sectarian the worst.

THE admirers of Charles Dickens's novels, and their name is legion, will be delighted with the two new and cheap editions of his works now being issued the one by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and the other by Harper Bros., of New York. Both editions are large royal octavo in size and profusely illustrated. The third volume of the series just issued by Harper Bros. is the *Old Curiosity Shop*,\* the illustrations being by Thos. Worth. It is astonishing how good illustrations add to the interest of a book. The artist's conception when inferior to the reader's, still serves to crystallize the scene in the mind and perhaps suggest new meanings in the text. Especially are illustrations of value in Dickens' stories in which the scenes are laid in London. To one who has never crossed the water, it would be difficult, without the aid of

pictures, to imagine the surroundings of Little Nell, or the kind of life she led. Such grotesque characters as Quilp, too, need some aid from the artist, even when their word pictures are drawn by so skillful a hand as Dickens. Concerning the text itself no word is necessary. All are familiar with the wondrous heroism of the child-saint, little Nell, and the story of her life will always be read with true pleasure.

*The Catholic World* is bitterly belligerent at times and stabs furiously at supposed enemies. Although one cannot always approve the spirit of its attacks or the cause it espouses, it still challenges our admiration for the keenness of its weapons and the vigor of its blows. The Book Reader misses in the September number the usual trenchant and iconoclastic article and hopes that other numbers may be likewise lacking in that regard. An essay upon the Use and Abuse of the Stage contains much sound discrimination between the use and abuse. We quote a single passage concerning the so-called spectacular drama. "To Protestants and Catholics alike we say: Cry down, with all the power that is in you, public exhibitions that are daily undermining and uprooting the morality of this great nation, which affects, as it must continue to affect more and more day by day, the destiny of the world. They influence the fashions; they fill the public streets with impurity. Their effect is in the very air we breathe, the press we read, the pictures that meet our eyes on every stand. To the recognition and open admiration we display for such performances on the public stage, we owe those dens of infamy that corrupt our youth, poison their life, and cause the whole race to degenerate; and the bloody tragedies in real life that have from their frequency almost ceased to create a sensation." These are strong earnest words upon a present existing evil.

\*OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, by Charles Dickens, Harper Bros., New York. 1872. Cloth, 8vo. \$1.25.